Volume LXI CHICAGO, AUGUST 6, 1908 Number 23

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

I wish to begin this summer well, to do something in it worthy of it and of me, to transcend my daily routine and mortal life now in the quality of my daily life.

May the life of this summer be ever fair in my memory; may I dare as I have never done; may I persevere as I have never done; may I purify myself anew as with fire and water, soul and body.

May my melody not be wanting to the season; may I gird myself to be a hunter of the beautiful, that naught escape me; may I attain to a youth never attained.

I am eager to report the glory of the universe; may I be worthy to do it. It is reasonable that man should be something worthier at the end of the season than he was at the beginning.

—*Henry David Thoreau.*

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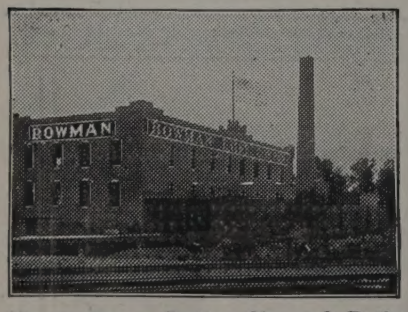

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1908 NUMBER 23

"THE GRAY WALLS OF THE GARDEN."

The gray walls of the garden
Hold many and many a bloom;
A flame of red against the gray
Is lightning in the gloom.

The gray walls of the garden
Hold grassy walks between
Bright beds of yellow blossoms,
Golden against the green.

And in the roof of the arbor
Leaves woven through and through,—
Great grape leaves, making shadows,—
Shine green against the blue.

And O, in the August weather
What wonders new are seen!
Long beds of azure blossoms
Are blue against the green.

The gray walls of the garden
Hold paths of pure delight
And, in the emerald, blooms of pearl
Are white against the night.

—*Richard Watson Gilder, in the July Atlantic.*

"The cheerful philosophy of an octogenarian" is the cheering title of a notice in *Current Literature* of Colonel Higginson's charming little book on *"Things Worth While."* In more ways than one does our venerable friend parallel the life of Cicero who anticipated the Cambridge sage in demonstrating the possible cheerfulness of old age.

Dr. John Bascom, in a touching letter to his old graduates published in an old number of the Wisconsin *Alumni Magazine,* which has fallen under our eyes, says:

> Educational institutions, especially of the higher order, are liable to fits of self exaltation. * * * A university is growing weak that is compelled to balance its account by a large credit of general influence." As with institutions so with men and women. Self-laudation is debilitating. The soul is waning when it has time to think or talk about itself and its work.

There is something encouraging in the recent tricentennial celebration at Quebec where French, English and American in stately procession and with formal ceremony united in dedicating the ancient battlefield of the Plains of Abraham as a national park, the Prince of Wales handing to the Governor General a sum of $40,000 for the improvement of the same. Surely though slowly spears are beaten into pruning hooks and swords into ploughshares.

A writer in *Hoard's Dairyman* gives the following heroic prescription for insomnia:

> In twenty-four hours I slept six every other night (the remainder of the time I was building my barns). This is all the rest I had during eight consecutive days and nights. Previous to this was troubled with insomnia, but since I have had almost no trouble whatever in obtaining sleep. The medical fraternity would call this heroic treatment, but it certainly was effective.

The UNITY would not dare venture an opinion but would modestly suggest that if the brain will work it had better be kept busy on something worth while rather than be allowed to grind itself into inefficiency like the upper and nether millstone with no grist between.

We cannot locate the *"stogy"* in the scale of masculine luxuries and we cannot reduce the elaborate statistics that indicate the "stogy" industry in Pittsburg, which appears in a recent number of *Charities,* to a paragraph. Enough to know that this smokers' stuff is largely prepared by women who, let us hope, do not smoke. We hope that every man who enjoys his "stogy" will read this article and follow his luxury in imagination, at least, into the damp basements, the over-heated rooms filled with tobacco dust where the nasty things are put into shape and prepared for the idle hour of the man in dressing gown and slippers.

A recent number of the *Homiletic Review* discusses the question: "Do the Churches Help the Poor?" A dozen prominent ministers and laymen answer the question. The testimony is halting and the verdict doubtful. The church failure as an economic society is a foregone conclusion; it could not be otherwise. The church's incompetency as an administrator of wealth or as an institution of wealthy people in their administration of wealth is also evident. But such criticism is in danger of being unjust because superficial. The church has done much to shame people of their ill-gotten pelf, to enable the poor to bear their burdens and to teach the wealthy and poor to appreciate the riches that never need a banker's vaults to conserve the same.

And now Dr. E. B. Hart takes his place alongside of Dr. S. M. Babcock among the farmer saints. Dr. Babcock has been famous on both sides of the ocean for many years, and the brightest gem in the crown

of the Wisconsin University. His great "milk test" enables the farmer not only to determine the relative merit of his cows and thereby eliminate the "robber cow" from his herd, but it has enabled him to co-operate with his neighbors on a basis of absolute equity, thus advancing immeasurably the communal life of the farming class. But Dr. Babcock's test applied to "butter-fat" only and was absolutely fair only in creameries where butter is made. Now Dr. Hart, of the same university, has perfected a test equally effective that will determine the "caseine," the cheese content, in the milk by a method equally simple and effective. Both of these men represent a triumph greater than that of the laboratory, great as that may be. It is a triumph, shall we say, of the altar, a triumph of character. These men had within their grasp that which would make them wealthy as well as famous. It is estimated that a most modest "royalty" on his invention if patented would have long since made Dr. Babcock a millionaire. But these two men, working for the public, have felt that the public was entitled to their labor. It was their free gift, first to the state which they honor, then to the farmer community with whom and for whom they would labor, and then to the cause of brotherhood the world over.

The Outlook for July 25 contains portraits of these patron saints of the grangers, and scarcely less interesting pictures of some butter cows, one of the most subtle creations of man, for the Jersey or Guernsey cows are largely human productions.

Four Great Poets of the Second Rank

Now that Lowell, Matthew Arnold and Stedman are no more, Stopford Brooke is probably the ripest and richest interpreter of English poetry left us. His studies of Tennyson and Browning are now matched with a new volume (Putnam), which deals with Arthur Hugh Clough, Matthew Arnold, Rossetti and William Morris. Mr. Brooke carries to his task the first requiste of a good critic, a love for his subject, a hearty appreciation of the material in hand. Mr. Brooke has traveled over the road of doubt and conscientious investigation, the road that was blazed by the sensitive, shrinking hand of Clough. To Matthew Arnold Mr. Brooke sustained for a long time the relation of pastor as well as that of a companion student in poetry, and he is at home in the studios of the pre-Raphaelites, of whom Rossetti is poet laureate. But clarifying and informing as these essays are, Mr. Brooke has reserved the enthusiasm which enkindles inspiration for the splendid interpretation of William Morris. Of course Mr. Brooke would be appreciative of this modern Chaucer and, granting time, in common with all cultivated people, he would revel in the story field of the Earthly Paradise. But it requires something more than literary skill or acquaintance with the technique of poetry to justly appreciate William Morris the Socialist, the agitator and the mighty service to the "cause" which he rendered in his dream of "John Ball" and "News from Nowhere." The following passage interprets finely not only the author and critic but the spirit of the times—the noblest movement of the soul everywhere:

> It does not take much trouble to be a Socialist now, and it does not bring with it now any sacrifice. But Morris did take trouble and suffered trouble. He sacrificed money, health, peace, his darling work, his passion for beauty in literature and art, to his convictions, and for nearly four years of unremitting exertion. Were it not for the noble moral effort he made to regenerate society, were it not for the incalculable good which, for the cause of a better world, emerged out of his work and will continue to breathe its helpful spirit into men, there would be something more pathetic than usual in the fate which drove this artist into this sad and weary work. But we cannot mourn for that. The seeds were sown; and Morris would have said, with sad content—the harvest is yet to be.

Mr. Brooke's faith in human effort is well stated in his essay on Clough when he says:

> Nine-tenths of fate are in our own hands, but we let the other tenth master us and then fate fills the nine-tenths which was in our power with her own somber self. This is our punishment and we deserve it.

Books of criticism are of doubtful service to students in literature. The temptation to read about an author rather than to read the author is very great in these days. To read this fine book is no substitute for the reading of the finer authors, but having read the authors the reading of this book will be as helpful as it is enjoyable.

But although these words were said somewhat in criticism of Arthur Clough, the inadequate Wordsworth, "the Scholar-Gypsy," he himself was not ignorant of the elements of value, for it was he that sang:

> It fortifies my sould to know
> That, though I perish, Truth is so,
> That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
> Whate'er I do, thou dost not change.
> I steadier step when I recall
> That, if I slip, thou dost not fall.

Think of the Time

(Translated from the Norwegian "Tank waar engang" by Thyra A. Westergaard.)

Think of the time this cloud of doubt has vanished
That hovers grimly over life below,
When heaven's bright day its portals wide hath opened,
And light eternal follows where I go.

Think of the time when quenched is every sorrow,
When wounds are healed, and dried the tear-stained face;
When sweetly stilled is all my heartfelt longing,
The tired, deep sigh is lost in love's embrace.

Think of the time when life is free from error,
When every thought and every deed is pure,
When I shall ne'er have need to fear or tremble,
Lest any sin can e'er again allure.

Think of the time when I shall meet the loved ones,
Their welcome smile shall radiant on me beam,
When we shall speak of heaven's eternal glory
And of the life that vanished like a dream.

Oh, Father, teach my heart this thought to cherish,
Whene'er the journey seemeth long and drear;
Then sorrow, fear, all bitterness 'twill banish
And wake the smile that shineth through a tear.

THE PULPIT

Religion in the Twenty-First Century

BY DURAN H. WARD.

With small exceptions, all nations, before the invention of printing, lived under the rule of traditional authorities. When "the art preservative of all the arts" began to reach the people, the sway of tradition began to wane. This invention dates from 1423. In 1455 there was published the "Mazarin Latin Bible," done by Gutenberg and Faust at Mentz. Five years later (1460) the new method overreached unwitting pious zeal by publishing a parallel Bible in Latin and German. Mechanically, it was a great stroke of progress, being done from metallic types and on both sides of the leaf! This step put the book of authoritative moral and religious traditions into the hands of the laity and stimulated their thought and inquiry. By the year 1500 the printer's aid to progress was noticeably prominent. With remarkable industry and facility the ancient classics of Greece and Rome were added. Modern comments upon these and also modern original works soon began to be produced.

We should bear in mind that before this, priests and monks were almost the only people who could read or write. The only schools were those for priests. What others learned they learned from the school of necessity or from the traditions preached by the priesthood. For others, reading would have been a superfluous accomplishment, because of lack of books. The few manuscripts handed on from century to century were in ancient languages, then learned with far greater difficulty than now; and the copying of each book required months of arduous toil, and then only one extra volume was produced. Today, in the United States alone, between 30,000 and 50,000 works of from 1,000 to 10,000 copies in each edition—a grand total of some 200,000,000 or more volumes—are poured forth yearly; while the newspapers and periodicals number many, many thousands and are issued in daily, weekly or monthly editions varying from 1,000 to 1,000,000 copies of each.

It was *this process of multiplying thought* and placing it within the reach of thousands and millions of minds, that was the chief instrument in quickening what we call the modern time. Reverting to the same circumstances, the modern man would soon become as stupid and inactive as was the middle-age man. The invention of printing was the principal cause in the revival of learning. To its improvement, the average man and woman in later centuries owe their opportunity to read the thoughts of great minds and to read for themselves something of the daily doings of mankind. This opportunity caused the middle age man to become a modern man, i. e., he learned to develop opinions of his own. Thought again led to action and investigation. These have produced ten thousand other discoveries in the realms of truth and of the practical arts in living-getting and enjoyment.

The printed page began at once to undermine hierarchical authority. Its first great achievement was the rise of "Protestantism." It reacted also in a counter reform within the old papal organization. From the time that this new impulse was really under way, there has been an incessant and ever-increasing volume of thought in every then-known and in many since-developed realms. Since that time some of the vast potentialities of humanity have been demonstrated. An almost endless list of literary celebrities have appeared,—Edmund Spencer, Shakespeare, Sidney, Raleigh, Cervantes, Montaigne, Tasso, Pope, Dryden, Bacon, Descartes, Hobbs, Spinoza, Johnson, Milton, Butler, Moliere, Pascal, Bunyan, Addison, Boileau, Racine, Fenelon, etc., etc. These and a thousand other splendid personalities could never have been had not the old priestly power been superseded by the new methods of instructing the people in the laws of God, i. e., of Nature.

But there is another and much more far-reaching and more fundamental line of this progress. The stimulation to human thought and activity produced by the printed page gave humanity a Christopher Columbus, and he added another half to the earth. It gave the world a Copernicus, and he changed (in men's minds) the position of the earth in the cosmos. It gave the people on the earth a Galilee, and he discovered other worlds. It gave the world a Kepler, and he revealed the laws of the solar system. It gave the world a Newton, and he discovered a universe. It gave the world a Kant, a Laplace and a Herschel, and they discovered the mode of world-creation. It gave the world a Linnaeus, and he tabulated the life of the globe. It gave the world a Hutton, a Humboldt and a Lyell, and they read the story of the earth's growth. It gave the world a Priestley, a Lavoisier and a Dalton, and they told the elemental forms of matter, their number and character. It gave the world a Franklin, a Morse, a Field, a Bell and an Edison, and they turned the terrible lightning into the most blessed helpful messenger of man. It gave the world a Malthus, two Darwins, a Huxley and a Spencer, and they read the history of life and told us how to evolve it still higher. It gave the world a Hargreaves, an Arkwright, a Crompton, a Whitney and a Howe, and they taught men to get Nature to spin and weave and sew for them, and by machinery to clothe themselves in a thousand-fold variety of fabrics. It gave the world a Watt, a Stephenson and a Fulton, and they taught men the art of transportation by boiled water. It gave the world a Faraday, a Tyndall, a Maxwell, a Thomson, a Crookes, and these have discovered the identity of matter and force and the great law of the universal conservation of energy. It gave the world a Huygens, a Young, a Fresnel and a Roentgen, and these have introduced us into the occult mysteries of Nature's deeper being through teaching us the alphabet of light and the varieties of ether waves. It gave the world a Froebel, a Pestalozzi and a Spencer, and these have told us what education is and how to educate the young. It gave the world a Boucher de Perthes, a Waitz, a Huxley, a Quaterfages and a Taylor, and they are developing a science of man himself. It gave the world a Ferrier, a Wundt, a Meyer, a Hall, and these are making a science of the mind. It gave the world a Spencer, a Marx, a Lester Ward, and these are reducing the jumble of social relations to an orderly science of sociology. It gave the world a Max Muller, a Tiele, a Spencer, a Guimet and a Chautapie de la Saussye, and these, from the materials of science and history, are reconstructing a new world-outlook, a new conception of religion for mankind.

All of these lines of thought and labor began at once to exert a powerful influence upon the life and purposes of men. As years roll on, the scope of that influence broadens. These vast discoveries by the mind of science are steadily revolutionizing the outlook of man toward the universe.

At the same time, the inventors in the arts are doing away with all previous methods of producing and

distributing. The grand result is an unparalleled and incalculable quickening of human life energies. That quickening has brought increased production of materials for food, clothing, shelter, and every material convenience. And this has made possible the doubling and trebling of population in all the higher civilized nations. It has brought about the concentration of populations into large centers of industry and manufactures. This closer contiguity of men with men has again itself been a cause and quickener of competition and co-operation.

So radical has been the effect of these numerous influences, changes and developments, that they in themselves have necessitated the devising of new and more efficient methods of handling and satisfying the increased needs of life. I have in mind particularly the great modern features of railroad and steamboat transportation and telegraphic and telephonic communication, of corporation and trust management, of municipal and national ownership, and of the public schools. The far-reaching effect of these would tax the most active imagination to its utmost. But even these are not the end.

Already before the 19th century had closed, these facilities for exchange of commodities and intercommunication of ideas were beginning to be supplemented—if not supplanted—by more efficient and more rapid methods. The bicycle, which gave the pedestrians the speed of the race horse, is already being outstripped and human muscle is being relieved by autocycles and mobiles run with nature's powers at still more rapid speeds. The steam locomotive was born within the nineteenth century, and its life will probably end before the twentieth closes. Electric energy, generated by water, wind, wood, coal, and liquid fuels, bids fair to be the next agent in hurrying forward human development through quickened intercourse. Moved by its pulses, the express trains on land will become veritable "lightning expresses," and the so-called "ocean grey-hounds" will soon be second-rate or primitive. Already men are ambitious to try the air, and several successful attempts have been made. Long before the year 2,100 ships and cars will rise above the friction of land and water and soar in the mazy atmosphere.

That same electric energy, which was discovered by Galvani and Franklin little more than a century ago, and which began half a century ago to carry man's messages by wire, is already showing itself able to do so a thousand times more efficiently without the wire. It now transmits the alphabet in words by wireless telegraphy, the human voice by telephone, handwriting by telautograph, and pictures by telephotograph almost without regard to distance.

Causes are rarely ever single. This complicated modern society with its innumerable desires and needs, has given rise to the development of vastly enlarged and concentrated powers for the management of production and distribution. The old methods of individual labor and individual barter and exchange had to be superseded. Men were obliged, in order to supply human wants, to combine themselves into larger and even larger corporate bodies. The last decades of the nineteenth century are marked by many most conspicuous characteristics but by none more remarkable than this: the development of the world-wide banking systems; of the international postal system; of the vast railroad, express, telegraph and telephone systems, and the innumerable production systems of raising wheat and other grains; for mining coal, iron, copper, silver, gold; for manufacturing cars, engines, implements of every kind, fabrics, foods, medicines, etc., etc.

And this enormous concentration, and at the same time the expansion of business management and business association, is already outgrowing itself and passing in hundreds and thousands of instances from the hands of so-called private corporations to public corporations. The movement toward national and municipal management of production, distribution and communication, is already beyond possible enumeration of instances. From every part of the civilized globe come weekly tidings of new enterprises undertaken by nation or municipality. In far off New Zealand, not only are the roads, the schools, postoffices and other long customary affairs owned and managed by the public; but the people collectively own large tracts of land, build houses and establishments, run the railroads, manage the express, the telegraph and the telephone, conduct much of the banking exchange, provide and keep savings banks, employment bureaus, fire and life insurance, own their own street cars, waterworks, gas and electric plants, and carry on a score of other enterprises. In Australia, Germany, Scandinavia, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Great Britain, Japan and the United States, the tendencies are in the same direction, checked only by the undeveloped moral standards and lack of civic loyalty in civil service.

And I have reserved till the last of these organized trends of influence the most powerful of all, viz., *the public schools.* They are now a municipal, state and national feature in every civilized land. They are the instrumentality which sums up all other facts and influences and instils them into the human mind during its plastic growing stage. They begin that process almost upon the human infant. The kindergarten, now well-nigh a world-wide incorporated part of public educational method, is the application of natural objective processes to human mental and moral development. Year by year, the same method is increasingly applied beyond the kindergarten from primary school to post-graduate university course. In this labor there is employed a vast army of skilled workers. They are incessantly trying to reduce the whole great body of knowledge to order and system. The whole of that long line of discovery and invention (at which I have only hinted), they are attempting to sum up and formulate in simplest terms, and to present to children, youth and adults in most attractive comprehensible form.

This is the greatest enterprise ever undertaken by mankind. It is an undertaking of the meaning of which men are not yet conscious. It is already a century old; but still its far-reaching effects have only just begun to be visible.

It is on the basis of the effects now produced and of the direction in which they are tending, that we are able to prophesy concerning the future.

From first to last, the movements and lines which I have indicated tend toward and are producing *an entirely new outlook of man in the world, of man in his relation to his fellows, and of man in his attitude towards the universe.* The old outlook had its special methods, and these of course will survive until the new is completely operative. The chief instrumentalities of the old outlook were its books of traditional authority and its self-appointed and self-governed hierarchy. It was by the vote of the hierarchy that the books originally derived their authority, and the later priesthood and clergy appealed to the books as divinely inspired because they were taught the old

tradition and never undertook thorough inquiry about its origin and development. Gradually as the actual facts of former history and later science come into possession of the masses, their interest in priestly proclamation dies out. The old system is quietly subsiding. The numerous organizations and denominations for its maintainance are slowly transforming or becoming defunct. Many of them are already so modified as to be unrecognizable.

Not only, however, are they merely silently subsiding, but they are the object of numerous attacks which weaken their hold and modify their professed ground. The first great upheaval of thought, the Protestant movement, has been referred to.

About the time that the public school movement, a century ago, began to more thoroughly popularize knowledge and general information, certain counter religious movements called "liberal" began a series of direct attacks upon the old doctrines and systems. This was a second stage of dissolution. The most notable of these attacks go under the names of Universalism, Unitarianism, Secularism, Positivism, and Free Religion. Their influence has been very considerable, though it is hard to estimate.

We have now actually entered upon a new stage in the great world-movement. It is both intellectual and ethical. Intellectually, it is characterized by a positive, constructive, affirmative attitude replacing the negative and hostile opposition of former times. Ethically, it exhibits that higher behavior which is the result of the conscious application of the great doctrine of evolution. It is the breath of the times, and pervades every denomination.

Beginning with the *Roman Catholic,* the century-long, authoritative, persecuting spirit has nearly vanished. It is in large measure submitting to the general enlightening tendency and keeping many formerly prominent characteristics in the background. The doctrines peculiar and conspicuous in its history are less emphasized. There is a manifest and growing disposition to participate as intelligent, civilized men in the progressive affairs of the world. The present Pope has in various ways earnestly shown this advanced attitude.

In *Presbyterianism* there has come about division between the advanced and the conservative elements. The former was championed by Dr. Briggs in "Biblical Criticism," and now by Dr. McGiffert in the "History of Doctrine." The conservatives are gradually submitting, sometimes gracefully.

The *Baptists,* too, have their distracting family differences. The question of "close communion" is openly denounced by many of their best known and most respected leaders. Biblical Criticism and modern evolutionary doctrines have now ardent and able Baptist advocates, and these advocates are tolerated and not expelled as they formerly inevitably would have been.

The *Episcopal Church* in England and America has for years been honey-combed with what the old school denounce as "infidelity." Many of its ministers are among the brightest lights in Biblical study and history. I must note, as especially deserving of mention, Dean Stanley, Canon Farrar, Professors Cheyne, Ball, Driver, etc.; while others are the most ardent advocates of scientific doctrines. And even those of them who insist that "their church is irrevocably committed to the supernatural" are more generous at heart and less polemic in practice than their predecessors who ordained them.

And the *Methodists,* the most aggressive of religious orders, the most energetic and least polemical of traditionalists, are likewise coming into a condition of doctrinal division. At every conference, the Pauline theory regarding woman is openly questioned. A vigorous effort is also being made to lessen the authority of bishops and to increase lay representation. Higher views of the Bible and the teachings of Science have also made some inroad into their ranks. On another point, yielding to the pressure of the age, they are laying far less stress upon the old notions by which people were scared into "conversion." The love and not the wrath of God is their leading emphasis.

The *Congregationalists,* through their form of government professedly liberal, and hence most open to progress in doctrine, have, within their denomination, that much talked of body, the advocates of the "new theology." Hundreds and thousands among them acknowledge no kinship with Calvinism, the essence of their doctrine fifty years ago. Their leading papers denounce it. Their schools and conferences have been rent with dissension, and within the ranks of their ministry are many denounced by their old school brethren as "infidel." Probably no other orthodox sect contains so much of this healthy heretical spirit of the times. The liberal element has gained such a strong hold that in the near future doctrinal authority will be impossible. All these are signs not to condemn or lament, but evidence of more vigorous health and character.

The *Universalists* have reached the last gate of restriction. They are now engaged in letting down the bars of Biblical authority. They long ago denied the essence of orthodoxy in their disavowal of the doctrines of the fall of man and endless punishment. They are now seeing that with these gone, the assumption of Biblical authority has no farther value or consistency. At a recent national conference in Chicago they practically opened the gate of admission for all earnest men or women, regardless of belief. The process of neighborly coöperation between them and Unitarians has already begun. Numerous joint meetings are held all over the country and vigorous effort is now put forth to make their labors conjoint and effective.

This is perhaps the first actual step towards the formation of a religious trust. The churches are beginning to show a tendency toward conducting their work according to the spirit of the times. In former years they have been the most ardent exponents of the prevailing individualism. They are now (a little tardily) taking up the coöperative method. For several years the air has been full of the theme "Church Union." "The World's Conference of Religions" at Chicago in 1893 gave the idea wide publicity. A congress of denominations has been maintained. Frequent conferences within denominational limits and smaller knots of people here and there have advocated the formation of these great religious corporations. Overtures have passed between the Catholic Papacy and the established English Church. At the Beecher anniversary in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, the eminent English Congregationalist, Dr. Berry, urgently advocated a combination of "evangelical" denominations. In November, 1900, there was held in New York City a "State Conference of Religion." In it there participated Churchman, Evangelical, Jew and Unitarian. The fellowship was marvelous. All was concord and harmony.

I am now ready to concisely state the ground and make *my prophecy* in very few words. Prophecy is

induction. Induction is inference from facts. The facts are that during the last four hundred years modern science has been undermining and supplanting "ancient science," as traditionally transmitted in books made sacred and holy by priestly authority and assumption. Modern science is now the highest authority. It leads in all commercial, in all practical, and in most educational affairs. It claims an unquestioned throne. Over against it stand the tattered vestiges of traditionalism. These dispute the claim. The result is in sight. It will be a combination of the great opposing parties into greater corporate bodies. First will come unanimous effort on the part of the positive liberal religious organizations. Against this, in order to save themselves, will be arrayed the greater part of Protestantism, outside of the Anglican Church. The majorities in the so-called "evangelical denominations" will unite in what they call an effort to "save the world for Christ." In the sense in which this is theologically used, they will be defeated by the forces of Science, the Press, the Public School and the inspiring influence of Natural Religion. With these forces their more advanced men will join ranks. The more conservative minds among them will go back still more. The conservative elements in the Romish and Episcopal Churches will become more intolerant toward their own advanced minds and others. Their liberal elements will desert or be expelled. The two bodies will finally unite. A great Roman Anglo-Catholic Church will be the result. This again will be steadily and continually undermined in its doctrines. Much of its practical machinery will survive the coming century or two of struggle. None of its distinguishing special doctrines will continue. *As soon as the Public School System becomes completely effective, i. e., as soon as education is universally compulsory, as soon as the standard has been raised so that education means the principal facts regarding the world and our life on it, the content of human mind will be transformed.* There will be no room for the ancient outlook, because the modern has been taught to all. This will be done in peace and with very little noise.

The Net Outcome.—2100 *A. D.*

The religious result will be something like this:

God will be deoanthropomorphised. He will be regarded as the infinite Fount of worlds, the eternal Energy, which is at once the sole Source, Substance, Life, and Light; the self-caused Cause and Essence of one, the Universal Spirit.

The Universe will be seen as the ever-changing phenomena of his activity. Within each world it will be regarded as an evolutionary process, leading, as far as life is concerned, from *un*intelligent antagonism to intelligent universal coöperation and peace.

The Divine Revelation will be the various branches of Science, including the physical, the psychical, the historical and the literary.

The chief articles of *the unwritten creed* will be *progress, peace* and *helpfulness.*

As exponents of doctrines, *the sects* will all have disappeared. Each individual will be a sect to himself—only he will be a tolerant and coöperating one. He will make his own creed, and no priest or preacher will say him nay. The present tenets of the sects will be matters interesting only as history. There will be no "orthodox" nor "heterodox" people. There will be groups of people differing in mental tastes and type, and therefore differing in customs and forms of worship. But in creeds there will be freedom. Men will have their own ideas of God and mankind, and each will be glad to hear others state them.

There will be no *Religion* in conflict with *Science.* Science will be the statement of truth, and Religion will be the living of truth, and the two when blended in life will be goodness and beauty, i. e., the Divine or the "Christian" character.

There will be no religious doctrines separate from other principles and *truths of life.* All truths of life will be religiously held. There will be hundreds of millions of human lives filled with the strongest disposition to know truth and practice its laws in life. They will hold it an axiom that all truth is Divine.

Such will be religion—covering all life, including all law, all truth, all goodness, all beauty, in the twenty-first century A. D.

Ibsen's Autobiograbhical Poems

Before Ibsen discarded the poetic form as being too artificial he wrote many short poems which seem to reflect his early struggles with the hard problems of life. Some of these poems have just been reprinted in the London *Outlook.* The two that follow were written, according to a writer in the *Outlook,* at a time when the poet, "disappointed, disillusioned, and sometimes at the very brink of starvation, felt his soul rise up in revolt against the injustice of life and the world."

BIRD AND BIRDCATCHER.

Once an osier cage I made
When a boy, and quick as thought
In the fields a bird I caught,
Home with glee my prize conveyed.

Then I danced in grim delight
Round the cage, and with grimace,
Grin, and many an antic face
Drove the captive wild with fright.

Tired of all this noisy rout,
Different tortures next I tried,
Drew the cage's bars aside,
Let the trembling prisoner out.

See, he lifts his little head,
Life and freedom his again;
Flutters 'gainst the window-pane,
Drops upon the carpet, dead.

Thou'rt avenged, poor prisoner!
Captive now thy captor lies,
Close his dungeon barriers rise,
Scarce his limbs have strength to stir.

Him, too, an unsleeping eye
In his prison cell surveys,
And beneath that awful gaze
Reels his brain in agony.

Sometimes, as he thinks, the door
Opens wide and freedom calls.
Vain! with broken wings he falls
Bruised and bleeding on the floor.

THE POWER OF MEMORY.

You laugh when you see a tame bear dance;
Do you know how they teach the beast to prance?

In a brewer's cauldron they tie him tight,
And pile up the furnace and set it alight.

Then a barrel-organ they bring along,
And play to the bear "Love's old sweet song."

In a minute or so he begins to grill,
And he needs must dance, for he can't stand still.

So whenever he hears the tune that he knows,
A dancing devil flies into his toes.

I too in the cauldron once was bound,
And the furnace blazed, and the organ ground.

The flames of hell, I felt their power
And I carry the scars to this very hour.

And whenever thoughts of that time arise,
I feel the pang like a stab in the eyes.

And deep in my brain the iron goes,
And I needs must dance on my metric toes.

War

Just three letters! To the general coming home, covered with honors, epaulets, badges and buttons, the three letters spell glory. But to the mother weeping for her boy, to the widow, no longer a wife, to children mourning for a murdered father, the three letters spell neither glory nor honor.

To the victors there was pride in the spoils, but thinking deeply sobers us and we wonder if victory was worth the awful price we paid.

What was the price? Let him who counsels war for his country count the cost. A Rachel weeping for her children because they are not, a father who reads the story of his boy shot by order of a court-martial because he struck the tyrant called his superior officer for insulting him. A superior officer is too often an inferior man, but subordination is one of the awful necessities of *war* and the puppet "clothed with a little brief authority" may insult his superior brother soldier—fellowman—and the man must "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee" and bow his head in silent homage. To strike his insulting superior(?) is to invite murder by his fellow soldiers. Why does not the law of nations provide that the officers who condemn a soldier to death shall shoot him? Why make his comrades kill him because he was a manly man?

Aye, even if worn with service, he sleeps as sentry or picket, the officer who orders him shot should be detailed to shoot him.

In 1862 Private Philpot was reprimanded by Lieut. Gray at Fort Union, N. M. Private Philpot tried to explain and Lieut. Gray drew his saber and struck him on the head. Private Philpot shot him between the eyes. Lieut. Gray recovered, but Private Philpot was shot to death by his comrades, who admired his act. Every man in that firing squad suffered more than Gray did when they pointed their rifles at the heart of the brave defender of his manhood against the arrogance of one supposed to represent the dignity of national authority, but who disgraced his uniform. The Christian nations would better become civilized away from the barbarism of war before sending missionaries to teach the peace-loving heathen of Asia that militarism is the road to international unity.

Leo Tolstoy, of Russia, preaches a better gospel than any preacher who would accept a commission in the army that invaded South Africa or the Philippines. Tolstoy would resent as an insult the offer of a commission in the army. So would any honorable man unless it was to be an army of defenders or liberators. The man who will not help repel invasion or liberate slaves from their bondage is a coward. The man who voluntarily invades a country as a soldier is another. Every soldier is the tool of a liar, for every commander is a liar. Of course the conventional name for the lie is strategy. Webster defines a lie as an attempt to deceive, that is, strategy. The chess player uses strategy, you say. Yes, but the men on the chess board leave no weeping mothers or despairing fathers when they fall. The skill of the player is an evidence of talent. So is that of the general, but the latter is dealing with human souls. Shall he offer his privates as pawns and see them fall that he may capture a castle or corner a king? There is a difference between blocks of wood and human souls. The chess player conceals his purpose. The general tells all the lies he thinks his adversary will believe. He sends a spy into the enemy's camp to lie for him. If he proves a skillful and successful liar he is promoted. If not, he is shot by the enemy or by his friends.

I heard an orator say today in his Memorial Day oration noble words about the awful crime of war. He was a preacher, but this was the best sermon I ever heard him preach. I heard a judge today argue that the twenty-three hundred thousand who enlisted in the Union Army gave their lives for their country; that two million women gave their lives for the preservation of the Union, for the life of every man who served and suffered was made shorter for his service, and the life of every wife or mother who gave her hero to the cause was made shorter by her suffering. I have heard the Judge many times, but he never has, and never can, make a clearer case than he did today against that monster of the ages, *war*.

How long, oh Lord, how long shall nations spend the fruits of the people's activity in trying to surpass each other in building ships of war and engines of destruction to overcome each other while not materially changing the relative strength of each as compared with the others? It is a hopeful sign of the world's awakening conscience when church, court and State make war on militarism and make peace their benevolent assimilation.

Dispensation of Divine Providence, Christianizing the heathen and all the apologies for the crime cannot make our invasion of the Philippines or England's of South Africa other than crime. The people of the United States nor of the British Isles are made happier for the added possessions. Some more of earth, God's gift to all, will be made to yield its first fruits to a landlord. Some orator will declare the sun never sets on our possessions. We may pose as world powers and the eagle may scream for more, while the lion crouches to spring upon it before the bird can fix its talons, two mighty giants looking for the weak nations that they may surpass each other in the glory of conquest, each wasting its substance in trying to get the biggest stick while thousands die in Russia and millions in China who could be fed if the treasure worse than wasted could be used to preserve life rather than to destroy it. The ignoble strife shall cease. The Hague or some other international congress will be given power to decide and to enforce their decision. Then the big nations will become the guardians of the small ones instead of their spoilers. Speed the day when civilized nations become enlightened, when the mighty shall no longer make misery for the weak.

"When the war drum beats no longer, and the battle flags are furled,
In a parliament of man a Federation of the world."

JOHN C. FERRIES, a Soldier from "61 to '65.
Hampshire, Ia.

Revelation

The still night burned with stars, the hushed night breathed
in sleep,
The high moon shone on her mountain bars, deep answering
to deep;
In anguish all night through my spirit it watched alone
Till the stars gleamed pale and few, and I heard the dawn-
wind moan.

But ere the morning broke, the light shone in on me;
The great white light in my soul awoke, and a truth that set
me free;
To me alone it came in my passion on the hill,
And I thought to bear the flame to a world that sought it
still.

And lo, the truth I had won through agony and tears,
Sought since my life began, missed through the darkened
years,
Was my own heart's truth, I know; yet I found, in that new
day,
A world of souls to say, "Not so; I, too, have passed this
way." *Martha Wolcott Hitchcock.*

Human Brotherhood

IV. Brotherhood Between Classes and Individuals.

Pass now from races and nations to classes and individual persons. Here the need and practicability of brotherhood are perhaps most easily seen and most generally confessed. And yet how little practical brotherhood is there even here, compared with what there ought to be!

We look to far-away India and there see brotherhood among the people broken up in a most serious way by caste. We look away to Russia and England and many other lands, and there we find brotherhood of any large or complete kind prevented by the existence of a hereditary aristocracy, a privileged class, that separate themselves from the people and claim to be above them. Here in the new world we have the very great advantage of being free from caste in any such form as it appears in India, and free from any hereditary aristocracy such as exists in England or Russia. And yet are there not signs of another kind of caste arising among us, and another kind of aristocracy, scarcely less evil than those of the older world? I mean the caste and the aristocracy of money. Great wealth wherever it appears tends to separate its possessors into a sort of caste, into a sort of artificial and often anything but noble aristocracy, which breaks up human brotherhood about as effectually as it is ever broken up anywhere. This is doubtless the greatest danger to brotherhood that confronts us in this new world. How must we meet this danger? I think in several ways.

For one thing, we must do all we can to create a public sentiment which will make it a disgrace for rich men to use their riches for mere selfish ends, for ends of mere personal pleasure and self-aggrandizement. We must help them to understand that the public has a just partnership in all their wealth. They did not create their wealth, any part of it, out of nothing. They were able to obtain it only because the community helped them in a thousand ways. Compelled to spend their lives in a desert, or on an island of the sea separated from their fellow men, they would have been able to accumulate as little wealth as the beggar that asks alms of them. They have been able to become rich only because they have been widely ministered to and richly aided. Therefore their wealth is only in part theirs. The law of the land gives them the privilege of directing its use; but there is a law higher than any act of congress or legislature or parliament which declares that they are only trustees. The community has claims upon the possessions they hold and upon them. They themselves are not their own. They belong to God. They belong to their country. They belong to their fellow men.

In ancient Athens it was regarded as a disgrace for rich men to live in luxury or to lavish their wealth upon themselves and their families. Public sentiment required them to employ it largely for the public good. We ought to have such a public sentiment in America, and in every other land.

But it is not enough that we demand of men of wealth that they spend their accumulations in less selfish and more useful ways; we must also do all in our power, and much more than is yet being done, to prevent the accumulation of wealth in a few hands by men who rob the people of what justly belongs to them. Too many of the enactments of our city governments and of our legislative bodies, both state and national, might very well be headed, "Acts to create millionaires," or "Acts to make a few men rich by granting them monopolistic privileges, or tariff favors, or valuable franchises, at the expense of the people." Whatever we can do to prevent such enactments and to guard the rights of the people as a whole in our public lands, our mines, our forests, our water powers, our city streets, our country roads, our lakes, rivers and waterways, our natural monopolies and valuable franchises of all kinds, is just so much done to prevent the unjust accumulation in the hands of the few of that wealth which rightfully belongs to the many, and therefore just so much to promote brotherhood and to checkmate those forces and influences which tend to destroy brotherhood.

We in America are inexpressibly favored and inestimably rich in that we have the principle of brotherhood—brotherhood embracing all the people—embodied in the very constitution of our government. Our government is a democracy. Democracy means political brotherhood. However, democracy has its foes. Evil men and corrupting influences may rob us of our heritage, leaving us the form of brotherhood with the substance gone. Hence the need of eternal vigilance. We must guard the purity of the ballot as one would guard the apple of his eye. We must never forget that every bribe, every corrupt political practice, every bad man put into office, injures the people, does just so much to deprive them of their just rights, their equality, their liberty, and to destroy the precious principle of brotherhood on which their government rests.

One of the greatest and most important agencies that we have in our hands for the promotion of brotherhood is our public schools. These schools are for all. This means intelligence for all. Our schools are invaluable. They are a necessity if government of the people, for the people and by the people is to endure. We must guard them against all foes. But should our free education—that education which we place within the reach of all, the poor as well as the rich—stop with the primary or even the secondary school? I think not. I cannot but believe that the welfare of the nation, justice to the people and the democratic principle of equality of privilege to all unite in the demand that public provision be made to give to every child of the nation, no matter how poor he may be, and at the expense of the nation, an education as good as the richest can obtain—including such practical or industrial or professional training as will fit him for some calling in life by which he may earn his bread. That would be safeguarding in the highest degree the interests of the state. That would be putting all the people on an equality so far as real education could do it. That would be the real brotherhood which democracy ought to mean.

V. Religious Brotherhood.

I come now to brotherhood between religions. At first sight it would seem natural to suppose that religious brotherhood would arise earliest and easiest of all. But as a fact it has been one of the last to make its appearance. Even yet the world knows only a little about it. It is seen in any complete form nowhere except among a very few men and women of advanced thought and of exceptional breadth of mind.

Men have had to grow up to religious brotherhood, as to every other kind, through a long, slow process. Religion began in the world low down. Early people generally believed in many gods. They attributed to their gods their own characteristics and passions. If two nations or peoples were hostile toward each other their gods were regarded as hostile. Under such con-

ditions there could be no brotherhood between religions. The long climb had to be made from belief in many gods to belief in one God over all lands and peoples before religious brotherhood on a large scale could even enter into the thought of men.

And even after men had largely come to believe in one God there were many obstacles to be overcome. Men have always been prone to believe that they were special favorites of God; that God had given a true religion to them but not to any other people! that he had given inspiration to their prophets and religious teachers but not to the prophets and religious teachers of any other land; that their sacred books were true and divine revelation, but that the sacred books of all other peoples were not; that their way of salvation was the true and the only true one, and that nations or peoples who trusted to any other would be lost. Of course this way of thinking could not do otherwise than divide the world into hostile religions and warring sects—this one saying, "Our Koran is the only true revelation of God, and our Mohammedan religion is the only true faith"; that one saying, "Our Vedas are the only true revelation of God, and Brahmanism is the only true faith"; and still another one saying, "Our Bible is the only true revelation of God, and our Christianity is the only true faith."

This kind of thinking has always prevented religious brotherhood, and always must prevent it so long as it continues. But, happily, little by little the larger view is dawning on men's minds, not only that God is one but that he does not have favorites; that all men are his children; that his providence embraces all lands and peoples; that his inspiration is not confined to any age or race, but is universal; that his revelation is larger than any single book or set of books, it embraces all truth; that he has raised up prophets and saints and teachers of righteousness in all lands. As soon as men begin to think in this large way, then religious brotherhood begins to appear and grow and bear its bountiful fruit of love and peace among men.

Probably the thought that has done more than any other that has ever come to men to produce religious brotherhood is the thought of Jesus that God is the universal Father and that all men are his children. As that great conception, that high faith, spreads and takes real possession of men's minds and hearts, religious wars and persecutions will become impossible, religious hatreds and bigotries will pass away, religious antagonisms will cease. As men learn to think of themselves really as all children of a common love and care they will learn to lay aside their strife and walk together hand in hand as brothers.

Oh, the world needs nothing else so much as it needs brotherhood! Not of one kind only, but of all kinds—racial brotherhood, national brotherhood, social brotherhood, industrial brotherhood, religious brotherhood, brotherhood between all classes—the spirit of brotherhood to pervade all life!

The world has money enough, wealth enough; the reason why there is want and suffering is because there is not brotherhood.

There would be no East End of London, with its wretched Whitechapel district, if there were brotherhood. If there were brotherhood there would be no procession of tens of thousands of men and women parading the streets of London and New York, saying, "We have no coal and no bread; for God's sake give us work." If there were brotherhood there would be none of the terrible slums that now confront us in almost every great city of the world.

If there were brotherhood, need for nine-tenths of our jails and prisons and criminal courts would pass away.

If there were industrial brotherhood, brotherhood between capital and labor, between the employer and the employee, the strikes which occur so often, and which every nation is coming so much to fear, would not be known.

> "God, what a world! If men in street and mart
> Felt that same kinship of the human heart
> Which makes them, in the face of flame and flood,
> Rise to the meaning of true brotherhood!"

If there had been religious brotherhood in Russia there would have been no massacres of Jews. If there had been social and political brotherhood in the same great empire, instead of tyranny of class over class, the assassinations of the past score of years would not have occurred, and the throne of the czar would not now be resting on the crater of a volcano liable at any moment to burst into eruption.

If there were brotherhood between nations, bloody battlefields would disappear and there would be peace in all lands.

The finest dream that ever rose on the prophetic vision of humanity is the dream of human brotherhood. Human brotherhood means the "commonwealth of man." Human brotherhood means the "kingdom of heaven" coming to practical realization on the earth.

> "Alas, how much sweet life is lost—
> How much is black and bitter with the frost,
> That might be sweet with the sweet sun,
> If men could only know that they are one!
> But it will rise, Love's hero world, at last!
> I see the arches of the Pit depart,
> The Greeds, the Fears, the Hates,
> The carnal wild-haired Fates
> That sunder, bruise and mar.
> The crest and crowning of all good,
> Life's final star, is Brotherhood!
> Come, clear the way, then, clear the way;
> Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
> Our hope is in heroic men,
> Star-led to build the world again.
> To this event the ages ran:
> Make way for Brotherhood—make way for man."

Hartford, Conn. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Down in the Vale

Out of the cloud
  Comes the summer rain,
The thunder's loud
  And the lightning's plain.

The thunder thrills
  With its awful sound,
Till its echo stills
  On its last rebound.

The lightnings flay
  In the lurid skies,
As the heroes slay
  Till the last one dies.

Down in the vale,
  Where the soft rain fell,
The flowers regale
  And the bridesmaids dwell.

It's not in the lights
  That shine overhead,
And not in delights
  Of heaven for the dead,

But down in the plain
  Common sense of things
The heart regains
  For itself white wings.

—ALFRED THOMAS.

Minneapolis.

Wanted, a Living Leader

O for a living man to lead!
That will not babble when we bleed;
O for the silent doer of the deed!

One that is happy in his hight;
And one that, in a nation's night,
Hath solitary certitude of light!

Sirs, not with battle ill-begun
We charge you, not with fields unwon,
Nor headlong deaths against the darkened gun;

But with a lightness worse than dread!
That you but laughed who should have led,
And tripped like dancers amid all our dead.

You for no failure we impeach,
Nor for those bodies in the breach,
But for a deeper shallowness of speech.

When every cheek was hot with shame,
When we demanded words of flame,
O ye were busy but to shift the blame.

No man of us but clenched his hand,
No brow but burned as with a brand,
You! you alone were slow to understand.

O for a living man to lead!
That will not babble when we bleed;
O for the silent doer of the deed!

—*Stephen Phillips, in New Poems.*

The Song of the Albatross

Over the blue surface of the waves, the clouds are tossed by the wind. The Albatross, harbinger of storm, like a black arrow pierces the air between the clouds and the sea.

Now touching the waves with his wings, now gliding gently toward the sky, anon uttering wild shrieks. The clouds listen to the joyous shriek of the daring bird.

This shriek expresses the desire for storm. In this shriek the clouds see the irresistible might of anger, burning passion, and certainty of victory.

The whale sighs at the approach of the storm. The seal groans in confusion above the waves. These beasts would throw themselves to the bottom of the sea, to hide from the terror of the storm. They do not understand the intoxication of struggle; the cannon-like roar fills them with terror.

O these foolish creatures! In their fear they hide behind the rugged rocks. Only the Albatross, majestic messenger of storm, floats daringly and free amid the foaming waves.

Thicker and blacker the clouds seem as they rush downward to unite with the waters. The waves sing and toss high; they prepare for war with the lightning.

Thunder strikes! The waves cry, boil in anger, and quarrel with the wind. Now in a frantic embrace the storm seizes the waves, drags them upward in his mad fury, dashes them against the rocks; the waves are split in a million particles and the rocks are washed by a rain of emeralds.

Like an arrow the Albatross still pierces the wind with his wild shriek. He loses himself in the clouds and again skims the water with his wings.

There he flies like a triumphant demon, rejoicing and despairing at one moment. He mocks the clouds and laughs with joy.

Shrewd demon he is, he foresees the approaching fatigue of the thunder. He is certain that the clouds will not succeed in covering the sun. No, they can not forever cover the golden disk.

The wind moans continually and the thunders roll. Above the gigantic sea blue lights appear between the clouds. The waves seize the lightning in its course and dash it into the deep.

The lightning flashes and wounds like a serpent of fire. It appears and disappears in the deep waters.

The storm . . . soon the storm will subside.

The courageous forerunner of storm floats proudly between the flashing clouds and the raging ocean. He is prophet of victory and his voice reverberates through the air. Let the storm come. Let the cyclones come. Let them rage; let them rage in their fury.

—*Maxim Gorki, rendered into English by O. Leonard.*

There lies no desert in the land of life,
For e-en that tract that barrenest doth seem,
Labored of thee in faith and hope, shall teem
With heavenly harvests and rich gatherings rife.

—*F. A. Kemble.*

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—All things pass and man passes, but the living energy of the universe abides forever.

MON.—After darkness comes the light; after winter the spring; out of death life arises.

TUES.—The old bare trees sending out their tiny buds; the birds flying through the air, all palpitate with joy. We, too, would join in the festival; our hearts would sing the praise of things.

WED.—We praise the world which is continually renewed; we bless the mighty fountains of our own life, the air about us, and the springing grass beneath our feet.

THURS.—Praised be the Sun, who brings us the day and light; fair is he and shining, with very great splendor. Praised be the Moon and the Stars, set clear and lovely in the heavens.

FRI.—Praised be the Wind, and Air, and Cloud, calms and all weather. Praised be our mother the Earth; she doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colors.

SAT.—O May Love rise fresh in our hearts now! May Love have a new birth among the people! May Humanity be richer because we have lived, and even in dying may we serve it.—*St. Francis of Assisi.*

Leetla Joe

Leetla Joe he always say:
"W'en I am beeg man som' day,
Eef so be I gona grow
Strong an' fat so like my Pop,
I weell go for be a cop,
Mebbe so."
Soocha talk for four-year-old!
Dough he brag so beeg an' bold
Een wan handa you could hold
Leetla Joe.

Lettla Joe he lay hees cheek
On my breast w'en he ees seeck,
Squeeze my arm an' tal me: "O!
Pretta soon I gona gat
Granda muscle lika dat.
W'en I grow
Like my Pop how proud I be!
Justa wait an' you weell see."
Ah! so sweet to hug to me
Leetla Joe!

But, because I'm 'fraid dat he
Wan day would be 'shame' of me,—
'Shame' for call me "Pop" an' know,
W'en he's fina 'Merican,
I'm so poor old Dagoman—
W'en I go
Where hees grave ees on da heell,
Dere ees joy for me to feel
Dat my heart can keep heem steell
Leetla Joe.

—*T. A. Daly in The American Magazine.*

Her "Meal" at the Waldorf-Astoria

A man who makes his home at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York relates the following incident, and vouches for its truth:

A nice-looking old lady, who bore unmistakable signs of having recently come from the country, and who was apparently intensely interested in conditions in New York City, came into the corridor of this great hotel some mornings ago, and was looking about her with a most lively interest. An attendant stepped up to her and asked her what she wished; not with any intention of discourtesy, but with a very humane desire to assist her in any possible way.

"I know well enough what I want," she said, "but I don't know whether you are the man that I should go to. Are you the owner or the manager of this hotel?"

"No, madam, I am neither, but I can speak for the

management and would be glad to serve you in any way." She was such a nice old lady that the heart of even a New York hotel attaché warmed toward her.

"It's just this way, mister," she said. "I am visiting some friends uptown and broke away today to look about a little and see some of the sights of this town. I am sixty-eight years old and I live way up in York State and this is my first visit to New York. I have heard tell about this place for many years and I have always thought that I would die happy if I could only take one meal here. I would like to go back and tell the friends at home that I had eaten at the Waldorf—whatever the rest is—and what I wanted to ask you, mister, was if I could get a meal here for about 50 cents.

Just at that moment Oscar, the genial and general manager of the place, whom everybody knows, was passing. Overhearing this question, he stopped and looked at the old lady. Like everybody else he warmed toward her instantly.

"Good-morning, madam," he said with his most polite bow. "Did I understand you to ask whether you could get a good meal here for 50 cents?"

"Yes, sir," said the old lady, "that is about all that I can afford to spend just now, as I wish to buy some little things for the children, and must look out for my ticket home. I don't suppose that would go very far in this hotel, would it?"

"You were never more mistaken in your life, madam," said Oscar with his most polite bow. "We can give you a very good meal here for less money than that. You come with me and I will see that you are taken care of immediately."

With that he led her into the main dining-room, personally seated her at a table next the Fifth Ave. windows, and asking to be excused for a moment, took the waiter aside and gave him some very definite instructions. Then Oscar returned to her and said: "You leave it to me as to what we serve you, and I will see that you are well taken care of."

"I know you will," the old lady said with a beaming smile.

There have been few luncheons served at the Waldorf-Astoria in the last month or so more calculated to please a nice old lady from upstate than was placed upon her table that day. It was not elaborate, nor was it French, but a careful selection of things that would certainly satisfy her, ending with an elaborate cut of huckleberry pie.

The old lady did justice to her meal and when it was over she turned to the waiter and said: "Do I pay you, sir, and how much is the bill?"

"Twenty-five cents, madam," said the waiter without a smile.

"That was less than I had expected," the old lady said. "Don't you think you have made a mistake? I thought it would be at least 50 cents."

"That is the price, madam," said the waiter gravely.

She fumbled with her pocketbook for a moment, and then handed out three 10-cent pieces. Trembling at her temerity she said: "Never mind the change, sir; the balance is for you, as you have been very good to me."

Then an unprecedented thing happened. The waiter bowed gravely and said, "I am very much obliged to you, but the waiters in this dining-room are not permitted to accept tips."

With that he gravely returned the nickel, and with many a pleasant "Thank you, sir, for your kindness," she moved slowly out of the dining-room, smiling upon everybody as she went.—*Exchange.*

The Best Philosopher

"Children and fools," we say, "tell the truth." But while the fool speaks the truth through accident or ignorance, the child often speaks it by virture of his instinctive reading of character. The five-year-old boy may be a better practical psychologist than his mother.

A feminine caller regaled Jack's mother with the village gossip, and interspersed it with rather acid comments on the minister, the teacher, the church soprano and the family cook. One and all were found wanting in her judgment. As she talked, Jack listened. At last she noticed him, standing before her, his eyes fastened upon her gloomy face.

"Jack," said she, "I don't like little boys who stare!"

He gravely continued to look at her, and replied, after due consideration,

"You don't seem to like much of anything!"

So the child's instinct pricked the bubble of the woman's critical ill nature.

"Why don't you go to play at Willie Morgan's house?" asked a friend of the small Donald.

"Well," he said, meditatively, "my mamma likes noise; but Willie's mamma only pretends to like it when she has company—and sometimes she forgets she's pretending."

It is evidently not worth while to "pretend" with this penetrating child.

Two small brothers were invited—happy pair!—to take tea with a large-hearted and lonely spinster. On their return they were questioned.

"Were you good boys, Russell?"

"Yes, mother, we were."

"Were you polite?"

"Yes, we were, *sure!* We hugged her a good deal and kissed her a good deal, and ate up all her supper!"

What could be more gracious politeness than this? And where should we look for more wholesome truth telling or keener human knowledge than may be found in him whom Wordsworth wisely called "Thou Best Philosopher, Thou Little Child?"—*Exchange.*

The White Birch

The white birch of our northern woods seems to hold within its veins more of the elixir of ancient Pagandom than any other of our impulsive, untended wood-growths. Its waving elegance, its white smoothness of limb, the misty inefficiency of its veil of green, even its shy preference for untrodden earth and unappropriated hillsides, give it a half-fleeting suggestion of the fabled days when nymph and faun danced with the shadows of the song-haunted forest.

Coleridge calls the white birch "the lady of the woods," but beyond the poetical suggestion of sex and award of beauty given by such a phrase from such a source, there is a hint in the young white birch-tree of something far apart from the present of simple perfect tree-life. One is haunted by visions of slender nymphhood always young and always beautiful, dancing joyously through rainbow-colored days and sleeping lightly through mists of star-threaded darkness, waiting for the golden call of the sunbeams to begin again the rhythmic waltz of motion. One has only to sit long enough with a birch-tree in the bewilderment of summer hours, to hear and see and feel its relation to the dreams which long ago peoples have dreamed, its relation to a life without self-made law, lived as the birds live, with their only code written within their natures by the hand which made them.—*Candace Wheeler, in the July Atlantic.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Tower Hill Notes

The study sessions of the Tower Hill summer school opened Monday, July 20. The Class in Religion is to meet daily from 11:15 to 12:30 for four weeks. This class will concern itself this year with the sixth's year's work of the seven years' course. These studies are given new zest and flavor by the use of the "Twentieth Century New Testament," the recent translation from the Greek into the English vernacular of today. The books of the New Testament are studied in their chronological order according to the most recent scholarship available. The work of the past week has therefore chiefly centered in Paul, whose letters are the earliest New Testament literature. Outside the class of seers, to which Jesus belonged, the leader ranked Paul as the greatest man in the universal church. He stood for universality in religion and, notwithstanding his reputation for theological disputations, his emphasis was always clearly on ethics. His letters, when read in the easy, natural language of the "Twentieth Century New Testament," bring out the loving, human side of the man. Texts were memorized from each of the books studied, and Thoreau's "Prayer," beginning,

"Great God, I ask thee for no meaner pelf
Than that I may not disappoint myself."

is spoken in concert at the opening of each study session.

The work in literature is to occupy three evenings in each week and will deal chiefly with the writings of Arthur Hugh Clough, Matthew Arnold, William Morris and the Rossettis, though our old masters, Browning and Whitman, are not to be neglected. Two of the three evenings already passed have been devoted to Clough and one to Matthew Arnold. In so short a time not even the beginning can be made of mastering an author. The method employed might be called that of Tantalization. In the case of Clough, a few biographical items incited a lively interest in the man, while the reading of a few of the shorter poems, including, among others, his Isolation, *Qua Cursum Ventus, Qui Laborat Orat*, with extracts from Dipsychus and the Bothie of Tobar-na-Vuolich, proved of the kind to whet the appetite for more.

Of Matthew Arnold the leader said that while he lacked the universality of Burns, the lyric sweetness of Tennyson, the trumpet blast of Browning, yet he had a gift all his own to make him a helper in discouraged and pensive moments. His "Literature and Dogma" and "God and the Bible" made a profound impression upon their time. His lecture on Emerson, given in 1885 or 6, in Chicago, was for the most part a disappointment through its coldness and lack of sympathetic appreciation, but was redeemed by one great sentence: "Emerson was a friend and helper to those who would live in the spirit."

A list of attractive titles was given and a few samples were read, notably "The Austerity of Poetry," "The Grave of Geist," "Rugby Chapel," and "Anti-Desperation," from which the class chose these lines for memorizing:

"Hath man no second life? Pitch this one high!

Sits there no judge in heaven our sin to see?

More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!

Was Christ a man like us?—Ah, let us try

If we, then, too, can be such men as he!"

The Sunday evening vesper hour introduced to most of the company a new poet, a Roman Catholic, Francis Thompson, who died last winter in London, and closed with the reading of "The Hour Glass," a powerful little morality play by W. B. Yeats. E. H. W.

July 27, 1908.

Foreign Notes

ANNIVERSARY OF L'AVANT-GARDE.—With the current number this interesting Christian socialist journal, which has more than once furnished me suggestive material for these columns, completes nearly nine years of existence. Its broad-minded editor, Pastor Jean Roth, devotes a page and a half of this issue to indications of the encouragement and success that the years have brought. The first number, published October 15, 1899, comprised but six pages; at present each number consists of at least twenty pages and sometimes of twenty-four, the limit of size that can be covered by the regular postage. That first issue numbered but 200 copies; now there are never less than 3,000 copies of an issue and the number of readers far exceeds that figure. Mr. Roth estimates it at about 1,200, and finds the thought of those 1,200 souls one of serious responsibility.

In the beginning, many could not see why there was need of such a journal; Now it is recognized as a necessity for many reasons. Some of the best of these are that things can be said in its columns and nowhere else, and all matters can be better treated there than elsewhere, because of the absolute freedom of exposition and discussion which is the settled policy of the paper.

Of its circulation Mr. Roth says: "We are scattered all over France, for there is not a department into which we do not go more or less. Among the large cities, where our circulation is the largest, I may mention Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, Nîmes, Lille, Rouen, Rochefort, La Rochelle, Roubaix, etc. Gard, certain districts of the Nord, the Cévennes and Dauphiné are the favorite fields.

"Not a country of Europe is now unrepresented on the *Avant-garde* mailing list, a little over 900 copies being sent to these countries. Switzerland heads the list, that small country being in touch with all progressive ideas and movements in religion. As cities to which the paper goes, Geneva, Lausanne, Neufchâtel, Chaux de Fonds, etc., are mentioned. Following Switzerland, in numerical order, come Italy, Belgium, England, Holland, Germany, Spain, Sweden, Russia, Austria and Turkey, the latter with two subscribers.

"Nor is this all; America takes quite a few copies, which are divided between the United States, Canada, Brazil and the Argentine Republic. In Africa we visit nearly all our missionary fields: Lessouto, Congo, Zambese, Madagascar; in Asia, the Indies, Cochin-China and Japan. We have not yet entered Australia, when we do we shall be universal."

As to the character of his readers, Pastor Roth reports 546 clergymen, it being easy to identify them, because they usually give their titles with the name and address, though why should they more than others is a question. Five hundred and forty-six pastors seems quite a respectable number, particularly when one considers that they represent an equal number of flocks. Furthermore, they are of all shades; all groups and denominations have opened their doors to *L'Avant-garde*.

Next to the ecclesiastical world in point of numbers, comes the intellectual, especially the professorial; very interesting on account of the religious and ethical unrest that is fermenting there. One hundred and fifty-eight professors figure on the list, including three from the Sorbonne; two rectors, thirteen normal school professors, among them three directors. Two of these three asked for *L'Avant-garde* less for themselves than for their pupils, thinking contact with this special mentality would be good for them.

To be noted also are 84 students, 39 physicians, 10 student societies, 6 members of parliament, 2 ministers in France, and likewise 2 abroad, 16 missionaries, 2 senators, 14 journalists—not counting proprietors, editors, etc., of political papers—to say nothing of various bodies and institutions.

Relations with a considerable portion of the Catholic world are very cordial. Seventeen curés have asked for and regularly receive, the paper; also 3 bishops, 2 in France and 1 in Italy. With the two former there is personal acquaint-

ance, though their names are not mentioned for prudential reasons. Three modernist reviews are among the exchanges. Finally, a Catholic publisher of Paris regularly takes a considerable packet of each issue for distribution to customers who order through him.

There have been, says Pastor Roth, a disposition to question the claim of this paper to be an organ of evangelizing work, but he feels that the testimony received on all hands and especially from Catholic and free-thinkers gives gratifying evidence that it is spreading the gospel.

Let me recall here what I have before mentioned in UNITY, that *L'Avant-garde* is published at Orthez in the Basses-Pyrénées; that it has no fixed subscription price but exists on whatever its constituency feel moved to give it.

In concluding his survey of past accomplishment, Pastor Roth asks his readers for their prayers and, secondly, for their generosity. "Like others," he says, "we have need of money. Not that I would plead poverty, that is not my way; when there is enough, it is well; when there is not, we pull through nevertheless." M. E. H.

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